

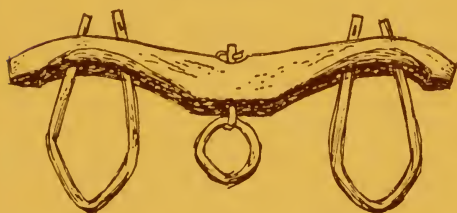
973.7L63
H3G11s

Gammans, Harold Winsor
Spirit of Ann Rutledge

LINCOLN ROOM

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

LIBRARY



MEMORIAL

the Class of 1901

founded by

HARLAN HOYT HORNER

and

HENRIETTA CALHOUN HORNER

FRENCH'S INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHTED (IN ENGLAND, HER
COLONIES, AND THE UNITED STATES) EDITION OF
THE WORKS OF THE BEST AUTHORS.

No. 589

Spirit of Ann Rutledge

*A DRAMA OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN
IN FOUR ACTS*

BY
HAROLD WINSOR GAMMANS

COPYRIGHT, 1927, BY SAMUEL FRENCH

All Rights Reserved

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that "SPIRIT OF ANN RUTLEDGE," being fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Empire, including the Dominion of Canada, and the other countries of the Copyright Union, is subject to a royalty, and anyone presenting the play without the consent of the owners or their authorized agents will be liable to the penalties by law provided. Applications for the professional and amateur acting rights must be made to Samuel French, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

PRICE 30 CENTS

BAKER'S **BP** PLAYS
Coast **TO** *Coast*

178 TREMONT STREET

BOSTON, MASS.

448 SOUTH HILL STREET

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

LTD.
ET

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED

MRS. PARTRIDGE PRESENTS

Comedy in 3 acts. By Mary Kennedy and Ruth Hawthorne. 6 males, 6 females. Modern costumes. 2 interiors. Plays 2½ hours.

The characters, scenes and situations are thoroughly up-to-date in this altogether delightful American comedy. The heroine is a woman of tremendous energy, who manages a business—as she manages everything—with great success, and at home presides over the destinies of a growing son and daughter. Her struggle to give the children the opportunities she herself had missed, and the children's ultimate revolt against her well-meant management—that is the basis of the plot. The son who is cast for the part of artist and the daughter who is to go on the stage offer numerous opportunities for the development of the comic possibilities in the theme.

The play is one of the most delightful, yet thought-provoking American comedies of recent years, and is warmly recommended to all amateur groups. (Royalty on application.) Price, 75 Cents

IN THE NEXT ROOM

Melodrama in 3 acts. By Eleanor Robson and Harriet Ford. 8 males, 3 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays 2¼ hours.

"Philip Vantine has bought a rare copy of an original Boule cabinet and ordered it shipped to his New York home from Paris. When it arrives it is found to be the original itself, the possession of which is desired by many strange people. Before the mystery concerned with the cabinet's shipment can be cleared up, two persons meet mysterious death fooling with it and the happiness of many otherwise happy actors is threatened" (Burns Mantle). A first-rate mystery play, comprising all the elements of suspense, curiosity, comedy and drama. "In the Next Room" is quite easy to stage. It can be unreservedly recommended to high schools and colleges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)
Price, 75 Cents

Spirit of Ann Rutledge

*A DRAMA OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN
IN FOUR ACTS*

BY
HAROLD WINSOR GAMMANS

COPYRIGHT, 1927, BY SAMUEL FRENCH

All Rights Reserved

ROYALTY NOTICE

WE ARE THE OFFICIAL AGENTS FOR
SAMUEL FRENCH - NEW YORK

The royalty for the amateur
use of this play should be
paid direct to the office of

WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY
41 Winter Street
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

All Rights Reserved

"SPIRIT OF ANN RUTLEDGE" is fully protected by copyright in the United States, the Dominion of Canada and all countries of the Copyright Union, and all rights reserved.

In its present form this play is dedicated to the reading public only, and no performance, representation, production, recitation, public reading or radio broadcasting may be given except by special arrangement with Samuel French, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

It may be presented by amateurs upon payment of a royalty of Fifteen Dollars for each performance, payable to Samuel French one week before the date when the play is given.

Professional rates quoted on application.

Whenever the play is produced the following notice must appear on all programs, printing and advertising for the play: "Produced by special arrangement with Samuel French of New York."

973.7L63

H3G14a

Dedicated
to
My Wife

PREFACE

My response to the reading of Mr. Drinkwater's play, "Abraham Lincoln," was: why should not an American write a play on our great President? It seemed to me that a number of other good plays might be written about him, so I began to think of a Lincoln play from an entirely different point of view. The influence of Ann Rutledge on Lincoln and Lincoln's belief in the spirit life appeared to me as a dominant motive for my work.

My debt to American historians can be clearly seen in this play, and I wish to pay tribute especially to the work of Miss Ida Tarbell.

This play was first presented by my pupils of Central High School, Scranton, Pa. The first professional performance was given by the WGY Players of Schenectady, New York, when Ten Eyck Clay played the part of Lincoln, and Miss Rosamond Greene, the part of Ann Rutledge.

CHARACTERS

HILL, *one of the Clary boys.*

NAMAR, *alias MacNeile, from whom Lincoln bought his store.*

DR. ALLEN, *a very early prohibition leader.*

REV. CAMERON, *preacher of the town of Salem, Ill.*

GEORGE, *a runaway slave.*

MIRANDA, *his daughter.*

ANN RUTLEDGE, *betrothed to Abraham Lincoln.*

MENTOR GRAHAM, *Salem's schoolmaster.*

SQUIRE GRAHAM.

AUNT NANCY GRAHAM.

HAMPTON, *a slave-holder.*

ROBSON, *companion of Hampton.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

WILLIAM RUTLEDGE, *nephew of Ann Rutledge.*

MARY LINCOLN, *wife of Abraham Lincoln.*

MAJOR DERICKSON, *aide of Lincoln.*

SEWARD, *Secretary of State under Lincoln.*

JOHN NICOLAI, *private secretary of Lincoln.*

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN.

ROGER WHITNEY, *engineer on the Gettysburg train.*

MENDILL, *editor of the Chicago Tribune.*

J. WILKES BOOTH.

STETSON, *owner and manager of Ford's Theatre.*

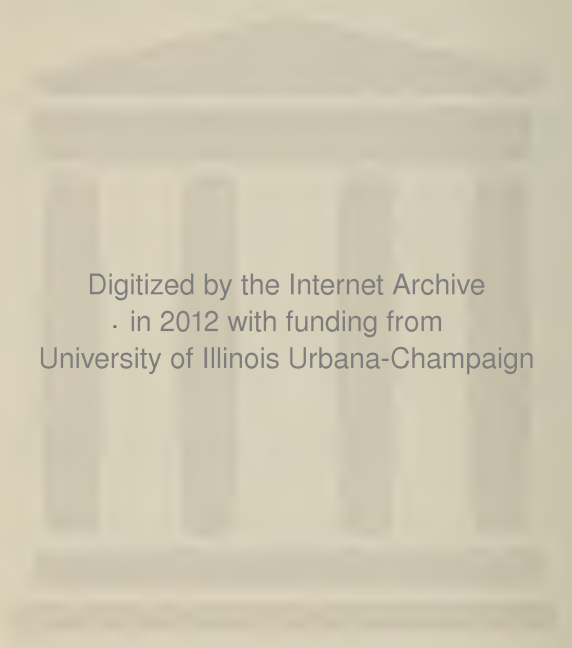
RINGER, *a stage-hand and actor of small parts.*

MISS FOWLER, *plays the leading role of Angela at Ford's Theatre.*

SIR RONALD, *a character in the play at Ford's Theatre.*

MR. TRUNBULL, *a character in play at Ford's Theatre.*

Soldiers who sing backstage.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign

Spirit of Ann Rutledge

ACT I

TIME: 1835.

PLACE: *A road in the town of Salem, Illinois, near ABE LINCOLN'S General Store.*

NAMAR *slouches in, left, looking up the road fearfully. Seeing someone coming, he goes over to a rail fence.*

Enter HILL, right.

HILL. Good day, neighbor.

NAMAR. Good day.

HILL. *(Stops, surprised, recognizing the voice of NAMAR)* You back here?

NAMAR. Sure; Salem's my town.

HILL. It was three years ago, David Namar.

NAMAR. It is still; most of my friends are here, and that makes it my home town.

HILL. You have to think just a little about your friends before you leave a town the way you did or you may not find them when you come back.

NAMAR. I'll soon find out who my friends are. What do you think I'm here for anyway?

HILL. I dunno, but I advise you to clear out—the doctor's coming.

NAMAR. The old pill and prohibition man. I'll sure be glad to see his blessed face.

(Enter DR. ALLEN, right.)

DR. ALLEN. Good evening, gentlemen.

NAMAR. How do, Doctor?

DR. ALLEN. How do, sir? Namar's your name. I didn't suppose you were ever coming again to these parts, sir. (DR. ALLEN *has given a sign which HILL understands to get NAMAR'S gun. DR. ALLEN grips NAMAR while HILL gets NAMAR'S gun, then lets him go.*)

NAMAR. I'm going to show him; I'm going to kill him. He's got my store.

HILL. Abe Lincoln bought your store from you fair and square, and you had your reasons, I suppose, for clearing out, but they weren't good enough to tell anyone in Salem.

NAMAR. I suppose my reputation went along with my store.

HILL. You never had anything like that.

NAMAR. He's got my girl, the woman who was to be my wife.

DR. ALLEN. Be peaceable, Namar, and we'll let you off this time.

NAMAR. You know that's the truth, Doctor; Ann Rutledge was in love with me; Ann, the only lily that ever bloomed in this wilderness; Ann, so filled with goodness that even I wanted to be good. (*Breaks down and leans on the rail-fence, sobbing.*)

DR. ALLEN. Where'd he drop from?

HILL. I dunno; I guess hell spued him up. He never came down.

DR. ALLEN. Ann never would have married that fellow.

NAMAR. Yes, she would; I tell you she would, and I've come back here for her.

DR. ALLEN. Have a sense of honor, Namar. You sold out and cleared out mighty quick.

NAMAR. Well, what of it? I had to then, but I don't have to now.

DR. ALLEN. You wrote back to town that you had

even changed your name and we would never hear of you again.

NAMAR. That's what you call professional confidence, I suppose.

HILL. None of that stuff, Namar.

DR. ALLEN. Let me tell him that the way he acted nearly cost the life of the young woman at the time.

NAMAR. I knew I stood in strong with her, and I'll bet she won't turn me down now. Give me a chance.

HILL. Namar, you ought to know that you are in a country where men won't stand for stuff like that. You made yourself black here when you left and black you stay. Noone will believe you because noone can.

NAMAR. Oh, all the old gang ain't dead yet. I've seen some of the other Clary boys, and they're with me.

HILL. That's a lie; they ain't any of them seen a foot of you. I'd be the first one they'd tell, and I'm the first one of the Clary boys you've seen. The old gang is a few years older than when I had my fight with Abe Lincoln.

NAMAR. And he beat you, too, as I remember. Beat you fair.

HILL. He did, and I fought at his side many a day in the War with Black Hawk.

NAMAR. Oh, that's why you're on dress parade with me: you are one of the heroes who spattered yourself with glory in that pea-shooter kid contest.

DR. ALLEN. If the boys get hold of you in mischief in this town, your neck might feel so sore you wouldn't get over it, and if James Rutledge heard what you just said here, he wouldn't stand for it. Now Hill and I will give you a fair chance if you'll promise to clear out.

HILL. If he'll swear on his honor as a man he'll clear out.

NAMAR. Then on my honor as a man, I'll get out of this part of the country. I've got friends other places. Now give me my gun. (*DOCTOR gives NAMAR his gun, which HILL hands to him reluctantly. NAMAR slouches off left.*)

HILL. We never ought to let that feller go; you can't trust him. I never thought he'd show up again in Salem.

DR. ALLEN. Oh, I believe in giving every man a chance. We didn't have any charge against him, and you couldn't have him locked up till he did something. We never did know just why he cleared out three years ago and changed his name.

HILL. The boys would know how to deal with him tonight and they'll all be coming to the center soon for Abe Lincoln's speech.

DR. ALLEN. Yes; and there's a candidate for public office who doesn't drink a drop.

HILL. But he doesn't belong to your prohibition club.

(Enter REV. CAMERON, right.)

REV. CAMERON. I suppose you gentlemen will be at the meeting tonight?

DR. ALLEN. We were just talking about it, Reverend. Why, we wouldn't miss it for—for——

REV. CAMERON. For one of my sermons.

DR. ALLEN. Not even for that, although I don't often miss one.

REV. CAMERON. And Hill seldom hears one.

HILL. I heard one Easter.

REV. CAMERON. Was it the same one I preached the Easter before?

HILL. I wouldn't dare answer that question, sir. Good day, Reverend.

REV. CAMERON. Good day, Hill.

DR. ALLEN. Good evening, Hill.

HILL. Good evening. (*Exit HILL, right.*)

REV. CAMERON. I'm glad he's gone, for I think I see a little cloud of dust down the road.

DR. ALLEN. I'm expecting one—that's why I'm at this spot now.

REV. CAMERON. Shake hands, Doctor. I feared that I might be the only man in town who actually dared help the poor blacks to get across the border.

DR. ALLEN. I'm glad you're lined up right, Reverend. I suppose you get the "Liberator"?

REV. CAMERON. Yes; and I've been lending some copies to young Lincoln. That man is going to be a power in politics some day. He's seen the slaves sold and whipped in Louisiana, and I can guess the way his mind is working. I haven't said a word to him about it yet, have you?

DR. ALLEN. I have, and he's one of us.

REV. CAMERON. That's good. Then he may be able to help us.

DR. ALLEN. (*Peering down the road*) It's two black folks.

REV. CAMERON. The load on the underground railroad is getting heavy.

DR. ALLEN. A man and a woman, I believe.

REV. CAMERON. Come here, George Jackson.

(*Enter GEORGE, left, timidly.*)

GEORGE. (*Looking back*) You stay where you is, girl.

SLAVE GIRL. (*Off stage left*) Yes, Daddy.

DR. ALLEN. Let the child come here, George.

(*Enter GIRL, left.*)

GIRL. (*Throwing herself at the feet of DOCTOR*) Oh, massa, massa, you be good to him, and don' min' 'bout me. They sho' guine kill him ef dey cotch him.

DR. ALLEN. All right, child. Get up. (*GIRL gets up and clings to her father. To GEORGE*) Where'd you come from, George?

GEORGE. I dunno; I'm dat nigh dead dat I don't care. I didn't know the whole woild was so big.

DR. ALLEN. Yes, you must know, and we must know. Where were you last night?

GEORGE. I was in de blackest woods an' I dunno where. I bin thar days an' days an'—

DR. ALLEN. Do you think anyone is following you?

GEORGE. I know dey is, all de time. Dey was go-in' to sell ma chile an' leab me.

REV. CAMERON. Is she your child?

GIRL. I is.

GEORGE. Yas, sir; an' de las' one lef' wid me. I don' know the chillen dey tuk away an' sol', but dey ain't guine ter git her. Yo' won't let um?

(*Enter ABRAHAM LINCOLN, left, carrying an axe.*)

DR. ALLEN. Abraham, can you hide these people for the night?

ABE. Why, I believe I've heard of a nigger in a woodpile, sir, and I've a good one in my shed, a good woodpile.

DR. ALLEN. This is no time for jokes, Lincoln: it's a matter of death or freedom to these two human beings.

ABE. A matter of death or freedom, sir? Then tell me what you expect of me.

DR. ALLEN. We expect you to save them.

GEORGE. Oh, massa, save dis chile. She's good as if she had white face an' han's an' wings, an' she'll woik, an' I'll woik, an' de Lord will bress you—yes, He will, 'cause he loves us, too.

ABE. (*To DOCTOR and REVEREND*) I don't know why you are asking me to take care of these people,

but it doesn't matter why. I'll take them in and protect them for the night as best as I can.

DR. ALLEN. I knew you would. A man like you couldn't read the words of Garrison and see what you saw yourself on the Mississippi without responding as you have done. There are reasons which we will tell you later why Rev. Cameron and I can't well take them to our homes tonight.

ABE. I'll put them where they'll be safe till morning, sir, down the road in my woodshed. I was just going for some wood for a bonfire. I reckon it'll be a smart cold evening, and I wouldn't want anyone to get cold listening to my speech. (*To GEORGE*) Come on, Othello, and—(*To GIRL*)—you, too, Miranda. (*LINCOLN and slaves exit, right.*)

DR. ALLEN. That man will go to the State Legislature.

REV. CAMERON. None from this town has a show for anything this year; of course, the town will back him as strong as it can.

DR. ALLEN. I didn't say this year, but in time. That young man's words carry force with them; he's honest clean through, and he judges keenly.

REV. CAMERON. But that way he has of joking—I don't quite know about it for a public man.

DR. ALLEN. It's a balancer. Why! when he's making a speech it just seems as if he was talking to you in his own store.

(*Enter MENTOR GRAHAM and ANN RUTLEDGE, right.*)

REV. CAMERON. Good evening, Miss Rutledge. Good evening, Mr. Graham.

ANN. Good evening, sir.

GRAHAM. Good evening, pastor, and Dr. Allen.

ANN. Good evening, Dr. Allen.

DR. ALLEN. Good evening, Miss Ann. I suppose

you are polishing up a bit for going to Johnsville Academy, but don't forget about your health. I reckon when you've spent a year at Johnsville you'll come back to us so learned——

ANN. So learned that I may be of a little more use in the town where I live.

DR. ALLEN. That's a pretty good aim for an education—to be a little more use in the town where you live. Did you get that from your teacher?

GRAHAM. I don't think I ever phrased it just that way, Doctor. Ann and Abraham have been studying "Kirkham's Grammar" so industriously that I think you may have noted the growing improvement in their speech.

ANN. Mr. Graham, don't forget the other books that Abraham—I mean that Mr. Lincoln has been reading this summer.

REV. CAMERON. And you have read them, too, Ann?

ANN. Yes, most of them, sir.

DR. ALLEN. I was on my way to see a patient when I met Rev. Cameron.

REV. CAMERON. And I think the same patient may be expecting me. You know some folks do expect a minister to keep calling on them even if they have been ailing for ten years. Good evening. (*REVEREND catches up with DOCTOR gradually and they both go out right.*)

GRAHAM. Good evening, gentlemen. (*After they have left*) Ann, you're tired tonight.

ANN. Yes, Mr. Graham; I don't know what's come over me today, but I didn't want to walk down the street of our little town alone. You must have thought it a little strange that I asked if I might walk with you.

GRAHAM. No, Ann; I've known you ever since you were a little girl and all the way through school. I know that you have a mind finely strung like a rare

violin and you cannot help being sensitive. Abe Lincoln understands you, for his temperament is much the same as yours. If it were not for his keen sense of humor, he could not have mastered himself as he has done before the people of this town.

ANN. I think he's coming out of the door of his wood-house now.

GRAHAM. Then I must be going.

ANN. Please wait, Mr. Graham. I have a question to ask you.

GRAHAM. Another reason why I had better not wait. I cannot always answer your questions nor his.

(Enter ABE LINCOLN, left.)

ABE. Don't hurry off, Mr. Graham. I wanted you to tell me about a certain matter of syntax.

GRAHAM. Abraham, that reminds me of the story about a famous preacher of whom it was said, "Father Taylor often lost his nominative case, but he got to heaven just the same."

ABE. But the nominative case is the one case in grammar that I am not going to lose, Mr. Graham, for Kirkham seems to show clearly that if you keep that case straight the other cases will take care of themselves.

GRAHAM. Yes, and you will master grammar if you keep on, Abraham. Good evening.

ABE. Good evening, sir, and if you pass by the store, will you please tell my partner I may not be back for a little?

GRAHAM. For a little while?

ABE. I beg your pardon, Mr. Graham—for a little while. *(Exit GRAHAM, right.)*

ANN. I meant to return this book to Mr. Graham.

ABE. Don't call him back. I think I still need it.

ANN. You know grammar better than I do. (*She sits on a log as if tired.*)

ABE. Ann Rutledge, you've been crying today.

ANN. Yes; I suppose it must be about going away to the academy now it's so near.

ABE. (*Taking her hand*) Ann, there's nothing you can't tell me?

ANN. No, Abie, nothing; only I don't know how to express it. Today the whole past seemed to come before me like an endless marching throng, and I felt as if the past were the real and I the unreal and the future seemed to follow the past in countless ranks into a realm that was very fair, but terrible in its vastness. Can your mind travel to the beyond, Abraham?

ABE. Ann, I know that there is a beyond, but I cannot see into it. Ann, you are my guide, you are my hope. Oh, Ann, Ann—(*Grasps both her hands*)—it cannot be that your wonderful self can ever be parted from me, that your body can be snatched from my body. My whole life is only you.

ANN. I believe that you mean it, Abraham, although I have known a man who did not mean it.

ABE. Ann, I will lay my life bare before you. I have told you of the tender mother who carried me so close to her heart and of the fair soul who took her place and who still lives.

ANN. Yes, and I revere them as you revere them.

ABE. I can never forget the life I owe to them, the love I owe to them. I was in them, a part of them, you understand. So I will become even more a part of you. You understand how they are everything and yet how you are everything?

ANN. Yes, and as you enter into my very life and become one with me, I would not have you take away the smallest particle of the love you bear these good women.

ABE. Shall I tell you again of my early romantic dream?

ANN. You have already told me, Abraham.

ABE. And you do not wish to hear it again?

ANN. No; other things possess me today. Abraham, if at any time I should be called to join that company of the past and of the future that seemed so real to me today——

ABE. I would follow. I would not live without you. My God! Do you know how I love you?

ANN. If you should follow me in the way you now plan, you would not find me for long, long ages, but if you follow me as a wiser providence provides, I know we shall always be together. I do not think I would care even if you were the husband of another then.

ABE. (*Rising, intensely moved*) Ann, you would not hear me speak again of an early romantic dream, but now you tell me of terrible phantoms. The words you have spoken have beaten on my soul as a storm beats on a tree and lightning shatters its trunk and pierces its heart and it falls in splinters. Ann, if you love me, never speak this way again.

ANN. I must if I love you, and I do love you, soul and body. Love can face the solemnities of life calmly. You remember in the most familiar of the psalms it says: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." Is it not beautiful, Abraham?

ABE. Yes, as your lips repeat it, it is beautiful.

ANN. Abraham, you can see.

ABE. I can see that you know a world I hope through you to know. (*A moment's silence.*)

ANN. Were you not at the wood-shed before you came here?

ABE. Why, yes.

ANN. You must have been there some time.

ABE. I dare say I was.

ANN. But you are returning from it without any logs with you, not even a stick.

ABE. I was there on another business: I was busy concealing two slaves in there, a father and a daughter. When I saw the girl in distress I thought of what you have said about slavery and I had to help them.

ANN. Then you are going to try to free them?

ABE. I don't know whether it's wholly right: I can't see how a man can keep another man as a slave, can call a stolen human being his and trade on the ignorance of the black and his children forever, but I saw good people in the South who were better than I and they believed it was right. I saw cruel ones, too, but somehow I had to hide these two slaves in my shed tonight.

ANN. And wouldn't you help in this same way if other slaves came here and needed your help?

ABE. I dare say I would, but I don't know. I wouldn't want them to have to go back and be slaves again after they had gotten this far toward freedom.

ANN. A few good people may hold their slaves in a way that is right, but most of the slave-holders can't be good and the principle of slavery is wrong. You have been reading the "Liberator" and you know what William Lloyd Garrison says is true. Abraham, you are going to be a leader of this country some day, a greater leader than Garrison.

ABE. I hardly think that, Ann, and not quite in the way he is. I may get to the Assembly if I keep on for ten or fifteen years, and I'm going to do my best to get there.

ANN. I know you will succeed far beyond that.

ABE. I'm glad you think so highly of my possibilities, Ann, and I'll strive to get to Washington if you wish it, but even the Assembly may be a long way off. I think this town is with me and the country may be some day.

ANN. Every honest man in the town of Salem is going to vote for Abraham Lincoln, and when a town looks on a young man as it does on you, other towns and cities will follow in time.

ABE. I hope so for your sake, Ann. I want to be a man of whom you'll be proud in public life.

ANN. I will be proud of you as your country's servant.

(Enter SQUIRE GREENE and AUNT NANCY GREENE. The men gradually pair off while ANN and AUNT NANCY do likewise.)

SQUIRE. You aren't forgetting about your speech tonight, are you, Abraham?

ABE. No, Squire.

AUNT NANCY. These men think that their politics are the world and all, Ann. I'm glad I'm a woman and don't have to think about such things.

ANN. But I think about them, Aunt Nancy.

AUNT NANCY. Well, women ain't ever had anything to do with politics since the world began.

ANN. But there have been queens, Aunt Nancy, and even queens who ruled.

AUNT NANCY. I suppose you mean such creatures as that Egyptian Cleopatra—she was awfully wicked, and I hope you don't know much about her.

ABE. You must read Shakespeare, Mrs. Greene, and I think there are few plays of Shakespeare which Ann hasn't read.

ANN. Oh, I haven't read more than half of them, Abraham.

AUNT NANCY. That's more than enough to last you a life-time. Dear me, if there's any more women in them like Lady Macbeth and Cleopatra—they's what stopped me reading Shakespeare and the hard words he uses. Now when I read the "Merchant of Venus," I thought I was going to love

everything that Englishman ever wrote. I did just love Portia and Jessica.

ABE. And Portia may almost be considered both a ruler and a lawyer, which combination makes a prince of politicians, Aunt Nancy, if you will pardon me for the suggestion.

AUNT NANCY. Of course, Abraham, but that's just in the play, and she was more ambitious about getting a good husband than of ruling, as I remember. I guess when she landed Bassanio safely home she let him rule.

SQUIRE. I never saw much sense to those stories, did you, Lincoln?

ABE. Yes, sir, I did; and now that you and Mrs. Greene have come along to walk home with Ann, I better go to the store and see about helping close up. I hope I shall see you all this evening.

ANN. I won't forget, and you won't forget.

ABE. No, Ann. I won't forget this evening. (*Exit LINCOLN, right. ANN looks after ABE and takes AUNT NANCY'S arm.*)

AUNT NANCY. Come along, Ann, it's getting fast toward supper time, and you'll want to dress for the evening, and so do I. I like to hear Mr. Lincoln speak—he says such funny things.

ANN. I never thought his speeches were funny.

AUNT NANCY. I don't just mean that his speeches are funny.

ANN. But that was what you said.

SQUIRE. Oh, Ann, mother means that he tells a funny story in some of his talks.

ANN. Oh, I understand, Squire. You see, sometimes I go over Abraham's speeches with him before he delivers them, and I wondered if I had advised him wrongly.

SQUIRE. You couldn't advise a man wrongly, my dear child.

AUNT NANCY. Isn't he a dear old flatterer, Ann?

ANN. Yes. (*Begins to cry softly on AUNT NANCY'S shoulder.*)

AUNT NANCY. I didn't mean anything. You know your Aunt Nancy? I think Abraham is the finest young man in town. Why, I think he may even be elected to the assembly after he gives his speech tonight.

SQUIRE. Oh, Ann is just shedding tears of joy, aren't you, Ann? Don't you remember, Nancy, when you were in love and had those spells?

AUNT NANCY. You didn't call them 'spells' then. You called them 'pearls of love'.

SQUIRE. That's what they were, Nancy.

(*Cries off stage left at first indistinct, then the words of GEORGE, "Help! Massa! I'm dying, massa!" Enter HAMPTON and ROBSON, left, followed by the two cringing slaves. NAMAR sneaks in back of them where he is not observed by ANN.*)

HAMPTON. Where's the thief that owns that wood-shed?

SQUIRE. Sir, you are not in a town where gentlemen call one another thieves, but in an honest Illinois town.

HAMPTON. Gentlemen, you call yourselves; I haven't seen any gentlemen since I came north following up my slaves, but you may use the word differently in this part of the country.

SQUIRE. I beg pardon, sir; I should have said "men of this town," and we have men made in God's image in this town of Salem and state of Illinois.

ROBSON. Excuse my friend, sir; he's hasty and he's had a hard time finding these black rascals, and their hides will pay for it.

HAMPTON. They sure will. I'll beat them, and I'll thrash them within an inch of their lives.

ANN. Oh, sir, one is a woman, hardly more than a girl.

HAMPTON. I know, and a valuable piece of property, light-colored. The old man is hardly worth his keep.

GIRL. Miss! Lady!

HAMPTON. Be still. How do you dare to speak to a white woman? (*To ANN*) I thought a slave of mine would know better, but that's what a week of freedom has done. You can imagine the results of these blacks ever being free. They wouldn't leave a street for you to walk on; no one in this country would be safe from them.

AUNT NANCY. My family came from Virginia, sir. We had slaves there when I was a girl, but slavery now seems to me a blot on our whole country.

ROBSON. Madam, I hope you will pardon me for saying that is a dangerous thing to say. (*To SQUIRE*) Perhaps you will inform us who keeps that shed or owns it. I think it would be better for you to let us know and we may be able to settle the matter quietly. Of course, these blacks might have sneaked in there and hidden themselves.

HAMPTON. We have the law on our side if we can't settle it with the owner of that wood-shed, but we're men of peace if one treats us square.

AUNT NANCY. The man who owns that shed will treat you square, and you'd better not say a word against honest Abe Lincoln around here.

SQUIRE. He'll be glad to meet you, sir. I'll go and tell him if you'll wait here. Come with mother and me, Ann.

ANN. Then the other woman would be alone. I'll wait here, and tell Abraham I am waiting for him. (*SQUIRE and AUNT NANCY go out right.*)

HAMPTON. I hope we have not offended you by our roughness, Miss; it was only our excitement.

ANN. I stayed here for only one reason. Name the price of those two human souls and I will pay it.

HAMPTON. Miss, your heart is too tender. They ain't worth it. You want to set them free, I suppose.

GIRL. Thank de Lord.

GEORGE. Praise——

HAMPTON. Make your praise silently. (*To ANN*) Now, Miss.

ANN. Name your price and I will try to pay, and the man who is to be my husband will be responsible.

NAMAR. The man who is to be your husband will not pay for any niggers.

ANN. Why! David! David Namar!

HAMPTON. She knows him.

ANN. Yes, but——

NAMAR. You're right, Ann Rutledge knows me. A woman doesn't forget the man she has loved even if he is gone three years.

ANN. David, you can't say such things now. You know that you said you would never come back to this part of the country. Oh, go, please go.

NAMAR. These men know that you belong to me.

ANN. No, no, sirs; won't you tell him he can't talk to me like this? Won't you, please?

ROBSON. Say, man, you're carrying this too far. She's a white lady.

NAMAR. I helped you find your slaves in Abe Lincoln's shed, and now all I ask you is to stand aside and let me take what belongs to me. Ann Rutledge, you are going with me now. You promised to marry me and you are going to keep that promise.

ANN. I can't. You know I can't. You went away and just left me; you showed that you never loved me. There is my husband, Abraham Lincoln.

(*Enter LINCOLN.*)

HAMPTON. The fellow that tried to steal our slaves.

ANN. (*Fainting in LINCOLN'S arms*) Abraham—

ABE. Stand back, I tell you; stand back. Namar, you've killed her. Ann!

HAMPTON. What about our slaves in your woodshed?

ABE. I'll settle with that, sir, only go now.

(*All go out gradually except ANN and ABRAHAM. The SLAVE GIRL fearfully kisses the hand of ANN as she passes her.*)

ANN. Abraham, he was——

ABE. None shall touch you, dear. He is not here any longer.

ANN. And the men. I wanted to buy their slaves and free them. Slavery is wrong. You'll free them, won't you?

ABE. Yes, Ann. I'll buy them; I'll free them. Only don't leave me.

ANN. I will never leave you, Abraham. I will always be with you.

ABE. Ann, I believe you. (*ANN falls back in his arms.*)

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE: *A reception room in the White House.*

TIME: *March 4, 1861.*

WILLIAM RUTLEDGE *is sitting at the left of the big center table, nervous and ill-at-ease.*

MARY LINCOLN *sweeps grandly into the room through the door at right and seems to quite overlook the young man as she comes toward him.*

RUTLEDGE. (*Rising*) Madam——

MARY LINCOLN. Oh, I hardly expected any strangers would call this morning, sir. May I ask who admitted you?

RUTLEDGE. It was a guard or something like that in uniform—I don't know his name if that is what you mean, Mrs. Lincoln.

MARY. How did you know I was Mrs. Lincoln?

RUTLEDGE. Why, the way you came in—you are Mrs. Lincoln, aren't you?

MARY. Yes, I am Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.

RUTLEDGE. I was sure you were. May I see President Lincoln?

MARY. I hardly think so, sir. It must have been a mistake of one of the aides in admitting you this morning. The directions were that only members of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet and President Buchanan might be admitted this morning, and you are certainly none of these.

RUTLEDGE. No, madam; I am none of these, and I seek nothing for myself. I came only with a mes-

sage which I believe that President Lincoln would wish to receive and the guard seemed to be persuaded when I told him this.

MARY. It is strange, young man, that you should have a special message to President Lincoln on the morning of his inauguration that you feel you must deliver in person.

RUTLEDGE. Yes, my message might be called strange, but President Lincoln would not think it so.

MARY. May I ask your name, sir, and if the President knows you?

RUTLEDGE. Rutledge, madam, William Rutledge.

MARY. I think I have heard the name before. Rutledge! It is an Illinois name.

RUTLEDGE. Mr. Lincoln must have told it to you, madam.

MARY. Why should he?

RUTLEDGE. Because he knew and loved Ann Rutledge once, and my message is from the spirit of Ann Rutledge.

MARY. Now I come to think it over, Abraham has mentioned her. I am sure he would be glad to receive a message from her spirit at a more opportune time.

RUTLEDGE. (*Deeply pained as a person who believes in spirit message*) I don't know what to say, madam. I hoped I might—I believe he would want to hear it. I won't trouble you again if you will let me see—tell this to him. I don't know how I got up the courage to come here nor how I got in. Please, let me see him, Mrs. Lincoln.

MARY. It is quite impossible, Mr. Rutledge. I am sorry. You might give me the message.

RUTLEDGE. But, Mrs. Lincoln, don't you understand—I would prefer——

MARY. Oh, I know very well you would prefer to give it to him in person, but as I just said, that is

quite impossible. If I could not give it to him properly, how could you?

RUTLEDGE. Mrs. Lincoln, you don't understand—the words from the other world may not be so much measured by common standards—it is carrying out the bidding of the spirit and having him know that it really comes from Ann Rutledge.

(Enter MAJOR DERICKSON, center.)

DERICKSON. Mr. Seward wishes to wait on the President if possible this morning some time before he goes to the inauguration, madam. Shall I take the message to him?

MARY. Tell Mr. Seward that Mr. Lincoln will be glad to see him shortly and ask him to wait in the next room a few moments. Mr. Lincoln has not finished his breakfast yet. And give my personal greetings to Mr. Seward, to Secretary Seward.

DERICKSON. Yes, Mrs. Lincoln.

MARY. Thank you, Major Derickson. *(Nodding in a fairly agreeable but patronizing manner.)* And you might reannounce Secretary Seward in about ten minutes.

DERICKSON. Yes, Mrs. Lincoln. *(Exit DERICKSON, center.)*

MARY. Mr. Seward is to be President Lincoln's Secretary of State, and I believe that the message he has will be of more importance than the one which you have at this time, Mr. Rutledge.

RUTLEDGE. It may be, Mrs. Lincoln, but I do not understand how it could be. Those from the other world can guide us in the better way—they always have. But I will go now if you wish. *(Rises.)*

MARY. *(In a slightly kinder tone)* I suppose the message was just an assurance that all will be well with Mr. Lincoln as he becomes the guide of this great country?

RUTLEDGE. It was more than that, Mrs. Lincoln. President Lincoln will do more than that.

MARY. Oh, thank you; Mr. Lincoln would not wish to be able to do more than that, I am sure. Good morning.

(RUTLEDGE walks to the center door in a downcast way, but as he comes to the door, his face suddenly lights up.)

RUTLEDGE. Perhaps she will tell him herself.

MARY. Perhaps.

(As RUTLEDGE places his hand on the doorknob, DERICKSON opens the door. RUTLEDGE goes out. DERICKSON comes in with hesitant step.)

DERICKSON. Excuse me, Mrs. Lincoln, but I thought the President might wish to see the young man who has just left. He has a convincing way with him.

MARY. Yes, but the President could not see him this morning; in fact, if he should happen to get as far as you again I do not think I would recommend your bringing his name to the President.

DERICKSON. Yes, Mrs. Lincoln. I hope he was not annoying to you. He seemed quite inoffensive.

MARY. No, indeed, or I should have called you. But he is a petty person, so please remember.

DERICKSON. I will, Mrs. Lincoln, and Mr. Seward said he would wait.

(Enter ABRAHAM LINCOLN, right.)

ABE. (*Wiping his mouth with the back of his hand*) You certainly got me up on time this morning, Mary, and I guess there's plenty of reason for it as long as we are going to be inaugurated.

MARY. This is a proud day for us, Abraham.

ABE. A day of tremendous weight, Mary, a day that tries my soul.

MARY. But your speech is all prepared, Abraham, and you have not a single thing to worry about.

ABE. It's not the speech, Mary, although I may change it yet. I shall probably never make a very good speech, but I feel that words have a new power with each new responsibility in life.

MARY. Well, you mustn't let yourself get into one of your queer spells. I guess you need to read a funny book. Shall I get "Josh Billings"? (*Starts to walk toward the mantel where there are books.*)

ABE. Thank you, Mary, not now. I'm all right. Has anyone called this morning?

MARY. I suppose a great many people have called, but they have not been admitted to worry you. Mr. Seward was announced a few minutes ago, and I told Major Derickson you would see him in ten minutes. You had better sit down and we can talk quietly together about something. You've been under a great strain, Abraham. I know what it has meant to plan a campaign as you have done; you studied every section of this country and know it through and through.

ABE. Yes, I have studied my country carefully, and I belong to my country. I must lead it now through four years, but it really does not want me here in the White House.

MARY. Nonsense; whom does it want then? Didn't it elect you? Come, Abraham, think of the majority which you received.

ABE. That is just what I am thinking about as I go to take the oath of office. It isn't a real majority that elected me—it was only the split in the democratic ranks that put me in this office, and everyone knows it.

MARY. It is rather silly to think of your election

in that light, Abraham. You carried all the free states, and why do you need to consider the democrats?

ABE. I must consider them. I did not carry one slave state, nor a single state in which the issue was doubtful. God knows that the pleas I addressed to the South were genuine: I love the South; I think that I understand the South; I believe in it as I believe in every part of my country, but the South has shown that it does not believe in me. Not a single vote from a southern state—you know what that may mean, Mary.

MARY. Oh, it doesn't worry me. There may be a little skirmish about the slaves, but it won't amount to any more than that Black Hawk war in which you were a captain or something out in Illinois. This isn't a country where white folks will fight against one another for any reason. Why, I could settle that kind of a war myself in a few weeks if the South ever started it. The South hasn't any army nor any navy. The people of the South like their ease too much to fight, and you're going to let them keep their slaves for the present.

ABE. Mary, I hope that this country may be saved. If the Union can be preserved by keeping the slaves in their present condition, I will not change their condition, but if the South shall fail the Union and I find that the slaves must be freed to save the country, I will free them.

MARY. But you said that you would let the South keep her slaves.

ABE. On the condition that the South remain loyal, but somehow I fear that the South may attempt to break every bond of union. Oh! Mary! This is a time when no man can guide this country.

MARY. No man but you, Abraham.

ABE. Not I. You realize that I do not trust in my own strength. I look to the Father of us all for

guidance and to the spirits whom he sent to guide me.

MARY. I thought you'd forget about the spirits when you became President.

ABE. When I forget the spirits who have led me and are leading me, I will be living in another world.

MARY. Well, I wouldn't forget the friends I have right around me. You seem to have forgotten all about them today as well as the thousands who are waiting in throngs just to catch a glimpse of their new President and catch a few words of his speech.

ABE. Thank you, Mary, for reminding me. We should, indeed, remember how many states showed confidence in us by their solid votes and that they are a large part of the nation. We ought to be truly grateful for what our own Illinois did from the beginning to the end of the campaign and to many other states. I guess, after all is said, I'm a good deal like the old soldier whose friends bought him a wooden leg and gave as his speech of gratitude, "Well, I don't know as I'll ever use it, but it's certainly pretty wood and will keep me in toothpicks as long as I live."

MARY. Now your voice sounds natural, Abraham. (*Enter DERICKSON.*) It's not that young man again?

ABE. What young man?

DERICKSON. You asked me to announce Secretary Seward, Mrs. Lincoln.

MARY. (*Confused*) Yes, of course. Are you not pleased with your visitor?

ABE. Yes, I am pleased, but you spoke of a young man. Seward is an older man than I.

MARY. Why, you are a young man, Abraham, and you must brighten up to talk to him.

ABE. Do you know, Mary, that only two days ago Mr. Seward sent me a note telling me that he felt he could not accept the honored position in my cabinet of Secretary of State?

MARY. Well, there are many other men who would be glad to accept this position.

ABE. But not men so strong and capable as Seward. He gave me his promise some months ago, and I couldn't let Seward refuse or be released and thus lose the first trick in this matter.

DERICKSON. Shall I show him in, Mr. President?

ABE. Yes, at once, please. (DERICKSON *starts to exit, center.*) Has Mr. Seward a portfolio with him, Major Derickson?

DERICKSON. I believe he has, sir.

ABE. Thank you—and you might ask Hay to be in readiness in case I may need him for dictation, and please be ready for President Buchanan in the next room.

DERICKSON. Yes, sir. (*Exit DERICKSON, center.*)

MARY. I will go and dress now, Abraham.

ABE. I shouldn't wonder if your inauguration gown would interest many a good deal more than my inauguration speech.

MARY. I think it is pretty—and isn't it fortunate now that I got you up so early that you will have an hour if you need it with Mr. Seward.

(*Enter SEWARD and HAY, center.*)

ABE. Good morning, Mr. Seward—Secretary Seward, I trust?

SEWARD. Thank you, President Lincoln, good morning. And good morning and congratulations, Mrs. Lincoln.

MARY. Good morning, Mr. Seward; I was just going.

SEWARD. I hope I am not interrupting—

ABE. No, indeed, Mary was just going to array herself for the inauguration. (*To HAY*) I will not need you just now, Mr. Hay. (*Exit HAY, center.*)

SEWARD. I beg your pardon, Mrs. Lincoln.

MARY. Mr. Seward, I will leave you with my husband, but there are few men with whom I would leave him this morning. (*Exit MARY, right, proudly.*)

ABE. I hope your journey to Washington was a pleasant one, Seward. (*They sit down at center table.*)

SEWARD. It was, Mr. President.

ABE. And you have found the city attractive in its holiday aspect?

SEWARD. In its armed aspect, Mr. President.

ABE. I sincerely regret the armed aspect of the city. Nothing could be more ill-advised than the way in which I understand the troops are to be thrust forward everywhere upon public attention. The sight must have made you glad that you were not in my place.

SEWARD. The country wanted you, Lincoln, and it wants to protect you.

ABE. I appreciate the good wishes in this, but that is not what protects a man. You may recall the words, "He shall give his spirits charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone"?

SEWARD. The word is "angels," not spirits, I believe, Mr. Lincoln.

ABE. And what are angels, Seward? I would take it as a joke if the subject were not too sacred to me.

SEWARD. Pardon me, Mr. Lincoln; I forgot about your belief in these matters, and, of course, it is your right to believe in this way if you wish.

ABE. Thank you, Seward; and I will confess to you that it means more to me to know that one woman's spirit will be with me today as I walk to take the oath of office as President of these United States than that there are thousands of soldiers who much against my wish will guard my every step to the Cap-

itol. Have you the speech with you, Seward? I will be glad even now to have your opinion of it.

SEWARD. (*Taking up his portfolio and taking out the speech*) Yes; I brought the copy you sent me, and I have a few suggestions for you to consider, as I think they may affect grave matters of state. I thought to get here yesterday afternoon at the latest, but I was prevented from doing so.

ABE. Let me see them, Seward. (*LINCOLN takes out a manuscript from his inner coat pocket.*)

SEWARD. In the first place, I think the first two paragraphs might well be omitted, Mr. Lincoln.

ABE. The question opened there is the platform of the Republican Party and my loyalty to it.

SEWARD. You have the strongest proof that none doubts you in this matter, Mr. Lincoln; you had the solid Republican vote as no other man could have gotten it. In the third paragraph, if you will pardon the suggestion, it is my honest conviction that you give such advantages to the Disunionists that Virginia and Maryland will secede, and we shall, within sixty days, ninety at the most, be obliged to fight the South for this capital with a divided North for our reliance.

ABE. I understand your point, Seward. I will cancel it, for, at this hour, there is no other solution. But let me read the next paragraph to you in order that you may note just what I mean: "Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern States that by the accession of a Republican administration their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for apprehension. I but quote one of my published speeches when I declare that, 'I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in states where it exists. I believe that I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so. Those who nom-

inated and elected me did so with full knowledge that I had made this and many similar declarations, and have never recanted them.' "

SEWARD. I see nothing that should be changed in that.

ABE. I could not alter it at this time, Seward, nor could I alter my position on the other important question, "Has a state the right to go out of the Union if it wants to?" You have carefully considered what follows on this question, and I believe that you agree with me on the whole matter of secession.

SEWARD. I do, Mr. Lincoln, but just after that discussion, I have struck out the phrase "to reclaim the public property and places which have fallen." It seems to me the whole paragraph might well be made more non-committal if possible.

ABE. I will alter the phrase, but I am not afraid to stand squarely for all I have written. I want the country to know just where I stand.

SEWARD. Then you must be prepared for civil war, Lincoln.

ABE. No, Seward; but if war must come to save this country, God will not fail us.

SEWARD. We will hope for sane leadership in the South. You might glance over a few sentences which I have written after your conclusion. I hope you will not object to my criticism that your address closes rather abruptly and so you might consider what I have here as an addition.

ABE. (*Taking the paper which SEWARD hands him. Glances over it, then reads*) "I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break the bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the

chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature." Yes, I will gladly add these sentences, Seward.

SEWARD. You made a few changes as you read them, but if you choose to include these thoughts, the words do not matter.

ABE. Thank you, Seward. (*As they both rise*) I need you, and the country needs you: that is why I insisted on your accepting the position of Secretary of State in the cabinet.

SEWARD. The times are, indeed, critical, Lincoln. We know not what a day will bring forth. We will hope for the best as we try to serve our country.

ABE. Yes, we will have faith in our country, for a country is the faith of its people.

(*Enter DERICKSON, center.*)

SEWARD. I will go, Lincoln.

ABE. If you will wait in the next room with Hay, we will start for the inaugural ceremonies shortly. (*To DERICKSON*) Is President Buchanan here? (*Exit SEWARD, center.*)

DERICKSON. President Buchanan is here, sir, and desires the honor of accompanying you to the Capitol. (*Turns to go.*)

ABE. Just a moment. Do you know how I feel today?

DERICKSON. No, Mr. President.

ABE. Well, this is one of the ways: there was once a little girl, Major Derickson—I think I pronounce the name correctly?

DERICKSON. Yes, sir. Shall I tell President Buchanan that he may come in?

ABE. Just a minute, Major, for I always have to finish a story—I hope you like stories, for I tell so many of them. It's a weakness of mine.

DERICKSON. Oh, I do like stories, sir, but I did

not wish to presume. There's nothing we army men prize more than a good story.

ABE. I'm glad of that, Derickson, for we will begin to understand one another. (*His eyes begin to twinkle with merriment as he tells the story.*) I used to know a little girl out West, Derickson, who sometimes was inclined to eat too much. One day she ate a good many more raisins than she ought to, and followed them with a quantity of other goodies. It made her very sick. After a time the raisins began to come. She gasped and looked at her mother and said, "Well, I will be better now, I guess, for I have got down to the raisins." So I think that today I am getting down to the raisins and things will be better after the inauguration. And just one more thing—Derickson, you and I are going to be very often together and we are going to be good friends, so I want you to know this also: I am a man who has to be alone at times, alone and yet not alone.

DERICKSON. I have heard of some great man—the name escapes me—and he would never enter into any important conference without praying, sir.

ABE. You will find that I humbly follow in the footsteps of that great man, Major Derickson. Now will you tell President Buchanan that I will be ready in five minutes and return with him?

DERICKSON. I understand, sir. (*Exit DERICKSON, center.*)

ABE. (*Takes a small copy of the Psalms from an inner coat pocket and begins to read to himself. After reading a few moments, his face becomes radiant and he reads aloud*) "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." (*Closes the book with a look of infinite satisfaction and slowly says as if speaking to a human friend*) Ann, I will fear no evil. Ann, you could never die, for you feared no evil. (*Puts the book back in the pocket from which he first took it, then*

goes to the center door and opens it. Calls) Derickson!

(Enter DERICKSON, followed by PRESIDENT BUCHANAN.)

DERICKSON. President Buchanan, sir. *(Exit DERICKSON.)*

ABE. *(Advancing and grasping his hand)* President Buchanan.

BUCHANAN. President Lincoln, I have come to escort you to the Capitol.

ABE. Thank you, sir. Will you not sit down and rest a few moments?

BUCHANAN. Not if you are ready to go to the Capitol, President Lincoln. The Capitol is well-guarded and the people of the nation are awaiting you as their President for the coming four years. I am sure that everything is safe.

ABE. Thank you, sir. I wish such a guard were not necessary on this day.

BUCHANAN. Yes, I know. It is a heavy load you are taking upon you. If I could, I would have made it lighter. I trust that God will bless and direct your work.

ABE. Thank you, sir. I trust he will. Excuse me a moment. *(Goes to door at right and calls)* Mary!

*(MARY LINCOLN sweeps grandly past*ABRAHAM in her inauguration gown.)*

MARY. *(To ABE)* Not Mary in public any more, please.

ABE. Yes, Mrs. Lincoln. Meet President Buchanan, who is to take us to the Capitol.

MARY. *(Bowing to BUCHANAN)* That is very gracious, President Buchanan.

BUCHANAN. It is an honor, madam, and I take

this opportunity to wish you and your husband God-speed in the four critical years which you are so bravely facing.

MARY. Thank you, President Buchanan.

ABE. Yes, thank you, indeed. I believe we are all ready now. Seward is waiting for us in the next room with the rest of the party.

MARY. Is the top button of your vest buttoned, Mr. Lincoln?

ABE. Thank you for reminding me, Mrs. Lincoln. (*LINCOLN opens the center door. MRS. LINCOLN accepts PRESIDENT BUCHANAN'S arm and they walk out together, followed by LINCOLN, smiling.*)

CURTAIN

ACT III

TIME: *The day of the Gettysburg Oration, 1863.*

PLACE: *A Pennsylvania meadow. The train on which PRESIDENT LINCOLN is traveling from Washington to Gettysburg has stopped for an hour or two on a siding.*

It is about half an hour before dawn.

As WILLIAM RUTLEDGE and ROGER WHITNEY, brakeman and engineer on the train of the President, enter they are hardly visible except as their lanterns send an occasional ray into one another's faces.

RUTLEDGE. How long do we stop here, Whitney?

WHITNEY. Till an hour or so after daybreak, I guess, Rutledge. Major Derickson has charge of that.

RUTLEDGE. Hope the President can get some rest sitting up. He looks as if he was carrying the burden of the slavery from the backs of the blacks he has freed.

WHITNEY. Of course you don't remember the President the way I do, for you wasn't with me on the train when we started for Washington from his home in Illinois, Springfield, Illinois. (*He dwells fondly on the name of the city.*)

RUTLEDGE. No; I wish I had been. I never saw the President before today, although I came near seeing him in the White House once.

WHITNEY. Oh, I know you fellows; you only wish you could have been with me the day that he left Springfield on my train. I remember it just as

well as if it was yesterday how he began his speech right on the back platform of the train, "My friends," and I bet there warn't a man or woman or child in that big crowd of hometown folks at the stations that didn't think he meant just them and wanted to shake their hands—none who wasn't right there can appreciate the feeling of sadness of that parting; of course, not that we warn't glad in ways that he was going to Washington to be President, but we began to cry, 'cause we didn't like to see him leave home even to be President of the United States, and we didn't have no idea of the war that was coming neither.

RUTLEDGE. I think he did.

WHITNEY. Well, perhaps. He seemed to belong to us then and to be going to those who couldn't ever know him and love him as we did any more than you can love your wife like your mother. He said he owed everything to Springfield, Illinois, and to its kind people, that he had lived with us twenty-five years, had been young and grown old among us, married children, and lost one.

RUTLEDGE. And he's lost another since he went to Washington. I don't understand why the Almighty takes children from those who want them like he does and leaves the brats that clutter the country and don't have any home, but I guess I ain't the one to judge.

WHITNEY. No; you ain't a man of faith, Rutledge. If you went to church regular, you might understand such things better.

RUTLEDGE. Whitney, I've talked about these things to many people in many churches and they don't seem to know why it is any more than I do. I don't think that President Lincoln is so strong on this church business, but he is in living out what they preach in church.

WHITNEY. I won't say you ain't right. The way

he spoke that day in Springfield would have made me know he was a religious man whether I knew anything else about him or not. He said that he knew he had a heavier task than Washington, and he said he could not succeed without the God that guided Washington. And the papers have said that Lincoln doesn't believe in God, and I have heard preachers say that he was no Christian.

RUTLEDGE. I know they're lying and God knows they're lying.

WHITNEY. I shouldn't have said a thing like that to you, Rutledge, because you ain't a man of faith, and they're plenty of preachers whom I have heard pray for him as the servant of God, and he said he trusted in God right in that speech. (*A few moments of silence.*)

RUTLEDGE. Good Lord!

WHITNEY. What ails you? Got a chill?

RUTLEDGE. No; nothing you would understand, Whitney. I believe that the spirits of the departed return.

WHITNEY. If I didn't know you to be a good honest young man, I'd say there was something the matter with your sense of honesty.

RUTLEDGE. Have I ever lied to you? Now you've known me for quite some time.

WHITNEY. No; but I've seen you mooning once in a while. I suppose you actually think it's so just like children think they see angels and fairies.

RUTLEDGE. Perhaps they do, or creatures like them.

WHITNEY. You ain't a child; you're a man, Rutledge. You ought to know what Paul says, "When I became a man I put away childish things."

RUTLEDGE. You know your Bible, Whitney.

WHITNEY. I do from cover to cover.

RUTLEDGE. Then you know that Jesus said, "Ex-

cept ye shall become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven."

WHITNEY. What has that got to do with the spirits of the dead returning here? What you saw was the mist of the morning taking queer shapes. It's easy to think you see strange things just about this hour. Sometimes I've caught myself in that way, especially when I was kind of cold, but I knew there was nothing to it. It's like feeling someone behind you in the dark when there ain't none there.

RUTLEDGE. I saw the spirit of a woman, a rather frail woman, as sure as I'm alive and speaking to you.

WHITNEY. You really believe it, then?

RUTLEDGE. Yes, and that woman was Ann Rutledge, my father's sister. She died before I was born.

WHITNEY. Ann Rutledge! Then you never saw her in your life?

RUTLEDGE. Only her spirit, Whitney, but I never saw it so clearly as I did this morning. I know that Ann Rutledge is here.

WHITNEY. Ann Rutledge! Why, she——

RUTLEDGE. Yes, she was to marry Abraham Lincoln. I've heard my father tell the story very often. She was the first woman whom Abraham Lincoln loved, and when she passed away Lincoln almost lost his mind. I saw her so clearly because he is now on our train. She said that she would never leave him forever and she never has.

(Enter DERICKSON, left.)

DERICKSON. All quiet along the Potomac?

WHITNEY. Yes, sir. There's no change in the hour for our starting the train again, is there, Major?

DERICKSON. None so far. Don't suppose there will be.

RUTLEDGE. Perhaps, we'd better be going back to the engine.

DERICKSON. No; not for an hour yet, unless something new comes across the wire. We aren't out of danger yet, but I only wish that this Gettysburg celebration was out of the way, and the President back in Washington. We can guard him there without his knowing too much about it, but on a trip like this we have to pick every man of the guard of soldiers and ever man of the railroad personel with the greatest care and watch them as well as him.

WHITNEY. Well, I was glad to come all the way on from Illinois to make this run. I didn't think I'd ever have the honor of taking the President on a trip again. You see, I was with him on his first trip when he was going to Washington to be President.

DERICKSON. I hope this won't be your last trip with him, Mr. Whitney.

WHITNEY. I suppose we were quite safe when we changed our route.

DERICKSON. We thought we would be, but, by stopping on this siding until after daybreak, we feel sure that we have thrown them off any calculations they might have made, for the rebs would plan something against the President which they could execute in the darkness and couldn't carry out in the broad daylight.

RUTLEDGE. I can't see why a good man has so many enemies.

WHITNEY. Oh, there are a lot of little office seekers; I've heard them talk when they got on the trains. You'd think that what they wanted was what the war was about to hear them talk. Of course, we know the Jeff-Davishers, but the Secret Service are hot on their trail. (*Sound of footsteps approaching left.*)

DERICKSON. Halt! Who goes there?

(Enter JOE MENDILL, left.)

MENDILL. I have an appointment with the President as soon as he is up and about this morning. My name is Joe Mendill, Chicago Tribune, if that means anything to you, sir.

DERICKSON. It does. May I see your pass, sir?

MENDILL. I think this will serve. *(Hands a letter to DERICKSON.)*

DERICKSON. Yes; the President's special order, good this morning. I suppose some of you fellows would be along with a letter of appointment if he were being carried to the cemetery in a hearse.

MENDILL. I have known President Lincoln for many years; that is why I am on this train.

DERICKSON. Yes, sir; your name is on my list, and there are others, too. He doesn't turn anyone down because he has no time for them. Some of those he couldn't see in Washington before the train left at midnight, he told to come on the train and he would see them today.

MENDILL. I believe I have a matter of first importance for him to consider.

(Enter LINCOLN, left.)

ABE. Good morning, gentlemen. I thought I'd be the early bird.

DERICKSON. I think the early birds may be waiting to be fed, Mr. President. *(Exit DERICKSON, right.)*

RUTLEDGE and WHITNEY. Good morning, President Lincoln.

MENDILL. Good morning, Mr. President.

ABE. Mr. Mendill, I wish you would tell Major Derickson that I will see the editor of the Chicago

Tribune in about fifteen minutes. (*Exit MENDILL, right. RUTLEDGE and WHITNEY start to leave PRESIDENT LINCOLN, left.*) I want to shake hands with you men and thank you both. (*To WHITNEY*) I remember you.

WHITNEY. I was conductor on the train that took you out of Springfield when you left for the inauguration. I am an engineer now.

ABE. Yes; I don't forget my old friends, especially when they ask nothing of me.

WHITNEY. I guess you find too many of those fellows who want a job.

ABE. Yes, too many, Mr. Whitney, take the time that belongs to the country. Have you sons in the war?

WHITNEY. I had two sons in the war. Now I have one.

ABE. I have lost a son since the war began, a little fellow—you remember Will on that trip out of Springfield?

WHITNEY. Yes, sir; I was sorry when I heard. It seemed like one of my own.

ABE. Thank you, Whitney. I don't forget the sons whose lives the Union is claiming. My son Robert is in the army. I would give everything I possess to bring a lasting peace to this country. (*After LINCOLN has taken WHITNEY'S hand and shaken it, WHITNEY exits left and RUTLEDGE starts to follow WHITNEY. LINCOLN stops RUTLEDGE.*) Young man, I want to shake your hand.

RUTLEDGE. Thank you, Mr. President; I did not want to disturb—

ABE. Nonsense; is that the opinion people have of me?

RUTLEDGE. Oh, no, sir—Mr. President. I guess it was that I was afraid of speaking to you about something.

ABE. I see that you are young and not in uniform,

but you are doing a useful work for the government.

RUTLEDGE. Yes, sir; I tried to get into the army; I wanted to serve under the colors the worst way, but they said my heart was too weak.

ABE. I must see if I cannot get you something in Washington if that is the case.

RUTLEDGE. But I was not thinking about the army nor about another job, sir. It was something else. I tried to see you the day of your inauguration, and I have tried since.

ABE. A young man—inauguration day—Seward. (To RUTLEDGE) What is your name, young man?

RUTLEDGE. Rutledge, sir; William Rutledge.

ABE. Son of Joseph Rutledge of Salem, Illinois?

RUTLEDGE. Yes, sir.

ABE. (*Then RUTLEDGE stops and chokes*) Sit down, please, William. (*They sit on a log near center stage.*)

RUTLEDGE. Yes, Ann Rutledge was my father's sister.

ABE. Ann Rutledge! God knows how I loved her. If it had been lighter, I would have known you. I have not seen your father since I left Salem, and you were not born then.

RUTLEDGE. No, Mr. President.

ABE. Then you never saw Ann Rutledge—unless——

RUTLEDGE. I have seen her. That was it.

ABE. Thank God.

RUTLEDGE. She appeared to me before you came, sir. I heard her say that she is often with you.

ABE. You have spoken the truth. The dead, indeed, are the living. It is the spirits of the blessed dead that lead us on and on. We are in this world for barely the fraction of time it takes a ray of light to travel from one of the stars nearest to us; it is only the divine breath that makes us living spirits,

a breath as calm and as silent as the souls that return and speak to us of time and of eternity. Little I know, but Ann has come to me and she has taught me. If it were not for the spirit-urge from beyond, the spirit of my mother, the spirit of Ann Rutledge, I would not now be leading my people—I would still be a poor store-keeper in a country town spending every leisure moment beside a little grave. I was mad; I did not want to live for weeks, following the death of Ann, till I heard her voice and saw her face to face, and she has directed me on and on, and she will direct me till death shall call me. It is not far off now. I feel it coming nearer every day, but there is nothing to fear.

RUTLEDGE. Does she always appear as a young girl to you, sir?

ABE. Yes; always young; and this has taught me that the dead, indeed, are the living, for they do not grow old as we do; they do not grow ugly; they do not become angry. They are always sweet as the early morning, and kind, and patient. She was here and you saw her?

RUTLEDGE. Yes, sir; I saw her. Now I will go back to my work. The spirits of the departed do not keep us from our work. They rather lead us to our work and help us to do it better.

ABE. Yes, they help us to do our work better. Come to the White House when we return to Washington. The name Rutledge will always secure your admission. I will speak to Derickson about it.

RUTLEDGE. Thank you, sir. I'll go now, for I see the gentleman is returning who wished to speak to you.

ABE. (*Taking his hand*) Rutledge. (RUTLEDGE *exits, left.*)

(MENDILL *has entered, right, in the meantime.*)

MENDILL. I am sorry Stanton sent me to you, sir.

ABE. I know that Stanton sent you, and I am ready for your case.

MENDILL. It may take quite a little time to state it, Mr. President; it isn't exactly a simple one. Perhaps we had better sit on that log over there?

ABE. I am satisfied to stand if you are, Mr. Mendill.

MENDILL. Today must seem to you almost like the ratification of the treaty of peace.

ABE. I wish with all my soul it were, but it cannot be as yet.

MENDILL. The crisis of the war surely passed with the battle we are going to celebrate today.

ABE. We are going to dedicate a cemetery, not celebrate a battle, and my heart is with the relatives of those who gave their lives at Gettysburg.

MENDILL. Then you don't think the crisis of the war is past?

ABE. I can only hope it is. I thought the war would be over three months after hostilities were opened at Sumpter; then I thought the Peninsula Campaign would end it; and now after nearly three years I hope that peace will not be delayed much longer. Grant has carried us successfully forward. I believe in him and have great faith in what he will do.

MENDILL. If he remains sober.

ABE. I believe that man is as sober as I in the face of the gravest responsibilities. If he still drinks whiskey, you find the name of the brand, and I'll send it to my other generals.

MENDILL. He's a good general, and the country is trusting him to keep on till the rebels cry for mercy. I believe he is going straight to Richmond and that is why I am sent here now as the representative of Cook County.

ABE. And what is the specific question, Mendill? Have you come with congratulations for Grant from Cook County or with a request from Cook County?

MENDILL. Sir, the call has come to Chicago for extra troops. You know she has already sent twenty-two thousand men and there are no more young men to go—no aliens except what have been bought. The citizens held a mass meeting, and appointed a committee of three persons, of whom I am one, to go to Washington and ask Stanton to give Cook County a new enrollment. I begged off; but the committee insisted, so I came. We went to Stanton with our statement. He refused to give us the desired aid, but said that I might speak with you about it.

ABE. And you have spoken to me about it.

MENDILL. Yes, Mr. Lincoln, and I cannot place the case any stronger; Chicago, a city of one hundred and fifty-six thousand has sent twenty-two thousand to the front, and now we ask if our new quota cannot be cut down.

ABE. Mr. Mendill, after Boston, Chicago has been the chief instrument in bringing war on the country. The Northwest has opposed the South as New England has opposed the South. It is you who are largely responsible for making blood flow as it has. You called for the war till we had it. You called for Emancipation, and I have given it to you. Whatever you have asked, you have had. Now you come here begging to be let off from the call for men which I have made to carry out the war you have demanded. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. I had a right to expect better things of you. My answer is this, "Go home, and raise your six thousand extra men. And you, Mendill, you are acting like a coward. You and your 'Tribune' have had more influence than any paper in the Northwest in making this war. You can influence great masses, and yet you cry to be spared

at a moment when your cause is suffering. Go home and send us those men."

MENDILL. Thank you, Mr. Lincoln. Yes, I ought to be ashamed of myself; we ought to be ashamed of ourselves. I'll go home and help raise the men myself, but this business of war is hard on the families, hard on the mothers.

ABE. Yes.

MENDILL. Good-bye, Mr. Lincoln.

ABE. Good-bye, Mendill, and God bless you. (*Exit MENDILL, left. LINCOLN stands a few moments with bowed head. Then the voices of a group of young soldiers are heard singing*)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord,

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes
of wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fearful lightning of his terrible
swift sword,

His truth is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

His truth is marching on.

●
(DERICKSON *has entered, right, near the close of the chorus.*)

DERICKSON. Shall I tell the boys to stop singing, Mr. Lincoln?

ABE. I would as soon ask a man to stop praying as to stop singing, Derickson. (*The singing of the soldiers continues:*)

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps,

They have builded him an altar 'neath the evening
dews and damps;

I can read his righteous sentences by the dim and
flaring lamps,

His day is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

His day is marching on.

ABE. "His day is marching on." (*The sun comes forth brightly as LINCOLN says these words. The soldiers continue singing.*)

In the beauty of the lillies, Christ was born across
the sea

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you
and me;

As He died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free,

While God is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Our God is marching on.

ABE. Yes, God is marching on. We may forget
his great march in our little march, Derickson, but
God is marching on.

DERICKSON. You are a man of great faith, sir.
If men only had your faith, there would be no war.
Shall I call Nicolai?

ABE. I think John will come presently, and he
needs the rest if he can get it sitting up in the train.
(*Looks around at the scene.*) Did you ever see a
place that seemed very like another you had seen,
Derickson?

DERICKSON. Why, I suppose so, but I hadn't
thought about such an experience, sir.

ABE. This scene seems to have been made for me
this morning as a replica of one many miles from

here and separated by years as well as miles. It is so like the place where I last spoke to her. She seemed as real as the sunrise this morning.

DERICKSON. I will leave you, sir.

ABE. Yes. (*The sun has gradually become a little dimmer and the mist of the morning enshrouds it now. Exit DERICKSON, left. Gently*) Ann, you are here?

VOICE OF ANN'S SPIRIT. Yes.

ABE. It will not be long now.

ANN'S VOICE. Not long.

ABE. I have faced death by violence many times. I know it is coming, but I do not shrink from it, for you are there as here.

VOICE OF ANN. Yes, there as here: the spirit is limited by neither time nor space.

ABE. Ann, you have come to me clearly before, but never so clearly as today. Ann, come and take my hand. Let me become as spirit or you as flesh.

VOICE. Become as spirit. You may become as spirit.

(*LINCOLN advances slowly but definitely to the place where he feels the spirit of ANN to be.*)

ABE. I have done my best, Ann. I have done my best for God's world of which you are a part.

(*ANN'S spirit seems to come into a sort of appearance in white near ABRAHAM.*)

ANN. You have righted many wrongs.

ABE. As you have led me into right.

ANN. You have brought a new sense of justice to the world.

ABE. As your spirit has lighted the way.

ANN. A new freedom dawned when you freed the slaves.

ABE. You guided my mind ; your hand guided my pen.

ANN. A new haven will come, and a new earth, and the former things shall pass away. Love shall come among men ; love shall rule among men.

ABE. Then peace must come.

ANN. Yes, peace shall come. Only be patient a little ; be patient as you have been.

ABE. I will be patient, Ann. God will keep me patient for yet a little while. The people of this country hate me, Ann, the papers of the country have condemned my every act, and I would gladly leave it all, but I will be patient if you will come to remind me.

ANN. You shall live to see peace and a united nation, Abraham. (*Exit the SPIRIT OF ANN.*)

ABE. When? (*Suddenly realizes that the spirit has gone away.*) I should be satisfied.

(*Enter NICOLAI.*)

NICOLAI. Did you call, sir?

ABE. No, John, but I am glad you came.

NICOLAI. You were speaking to someone?

ABE. Yes, and now I can see light in this struggle ; I can see the light of peace. Can you take down a few notes which I may use in speaking at Gettysburg today?

NICOLAI. Yes, sir ; I knew you had nothing prepared and I hoped——

ABE. All right, John ; take this down : "Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a

portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who gave their lives that that nation might live. (*Pauses.*) It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or to detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. (*Repeats*) What they did here. (*Pauses.*) It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

NICOLAI. (*Looking up, surprised*) Is that all the speech, Mr. Lincoln?

ABE. As far as I know it is, John.

CURTAIN

ACT IV

As the curtain rises, the stage is dimly lighted and the setting for an interior is almost arranged as they arranged stage-interiors in 1865.

The stage is that of Ford's Theatre, Washington.

RINGER *enters with a chair, followed by* BOOTH. RINGER *puts down the chair he is carrying with a bang.*

BOOTH. We're ready for him, hey, my boy? *(Strikes RINGER on the shoulder with a blow that sends RINGER sprawling to the floor.)*

RINGER. Ready as good gin could make you. Let me try your flask and help me up, Mr. Booth.

BOOTH. Good stuff. It'll put the heart right into you when you need it. *(Hands the flask to RINGER.)* Drain it if you want to, and it will keep you ready for business.

RINGER. *(In a dull way)* Grant deserves all you're going to give him. I never had no use for him. He's a damned, a hell-damned, swearing, drunken rascal. They call him a hero. We'll see who's a hero when you plunk him full of lead.

BOOTH. You do your duty tonight. Let me see your gun. *(RINGER hands him his gun. BOOTH looks it over.)*

RINGER. Oh, I'll do the job if you don't. I know that gentleman well enough to know I've got to shoot straight.

BOOTH. I'll get him. All you have to do is to

keep my way out clear after I've done my bit. Sober up now; the boss is coming.

(Enter MANAGER STETSON, left.)

STETSON. Good evening, Booth. You're not in the cast tonight?

BOOTH. No, unless I happen to be needed for a bit. There'll be a packed house tonight for Miss Fowler.

STETSON. Every seat in the house is sold; standing room at a premium. The President at this time brings the people out in full force. We only announced it in this morning's paper.

BOOTH. Yes; and General Grant is an added card, I believe.

STETSON. Well, he won't be here, and we don't need him.

RINGER. You say General Grant won't be here? There——

STETSON. I don't see that it can make a damned bit of difference to you.

RINGER. It will that, Mr. Stetson. I——

BOOTH. I'd give him a chaser before he does his bit, or I'll do it.

RINGER. You gave me some good gin—(*Rubs his stomach*)—you know you did, John Wilkes Booth. You don't need me for your friend no more. Then you just listen—you'll do your shooting of Grant yourself, and the joke is he ain't here, ain't coming at all.

BOOTH. A little liquor makes an idle brain an idiot.

RINGLER. Idiot! I——

STETSON. Put some extra chairs in the boxes—all except President Lincoln's—and some in the back of the orchestra. Money before music. Crowd the musicians.

RINGER. Yes, sir. (RINGER *exits, right, looking back and grinning at BOOTH.*)

STETSON. I guess Ringer will sober up enough to do his line or two, but it won't do any harm for you to stay around back. Come to my office tomorrow. I think I'll have the right part for you soon. I've got "Hamlet" on my mind.

BOOTH. On the stage would suit me better. I suppose you're lining me up to play the ghost.

RINGER. (*Coming back right-stage front*) You'd better not leave Booth backstage tonight, Mr. Stetson.

STETSON. You don't know what you're talking about, Ringer. Hustle up and put the chairs where I told you. Crowd in all you possibly can. Leave just enough room for the orchestra to squeeze in.

RINGER. All right; I've told you now, and I ain't drunk. (*Exit RINGER, right, with heavy determined step.*)

STETSON. Is there anything in what that fellow says?

BOOTH. Certainly; a funny mess.

STETSON. He said you were going to kill Grant, didn't he?

BOOTH. He did; and you can see just how the poor fool's drunken brain was reeling in quite the usual way. You said to him that Grant would not be here as expected this evening, and all he got was the name of Grant. Now if he had any sense in his head, would he accuse me of wanting to kill a man who would not be here at all? Now if he had said Lincoln—but he just hit the name of Grant from your mention of him.

(*Enter MISS FOWLER in her stage costume and make-up as Miss Angela Frettle, left.*)

STETSON. (*To BOOTH and not noticing MISS*

FOWLER) Yes, but you know you are such a hot-headed ass. I hope I haven't offended you, Booth, and come around about Hamlet tomorrow.

MISS FOWLER. I beg your pardon, Mr. Stetson.

STETSON. Oh, yes, Miss Fowler.

BOOTH. Good evening, Miss Fowler.

MISS FOWLER. Why, Mr. Booth, this is, indeed, a compliment.

BOOTH. Madame, your acting has brought you the admiration of everyone. The President is to be in his box tonight to pay his tribute to you.

MISS FOWLER. Hardly to me, Mr. Booth.

BOOTH. Oh, yes, Miss Fowler, and well he may.

MISS FOWLER. Thank you, Mr. Booth, but I must not forget the reason of my interrupting your business, but I came to ask Mr. Stetson not to let anyone backstage tonight. (*To BOOTH*) Of course, that does not apply to you, Mr. Booth, but to everyone else. There was a mob at the stage door when I came in, and I fear some may bribe their way in here. I'm a little nervous tonight.

BOOTH. There's nothing to be nervous about, Miss Fowler.

STETSON. I'll see that none is backstage who doesn't belong here myself, Miss Fowler, and I'll tell Ringer to keep a strict watch on the door. I'll send for a few police if you wish.

BOOTH. Ringer will be busy with a dozen things and so will you, Stetson. I'll guard the backstage door if you wish. After the play gets started and the people have cheered the President, the crowd around the stage-door will all disappear and gather at the front of the theatre to wait for a glimpse of the President and Mrs. Lincoln after the play.

STETSON. That settles the matter very nicely, Booth. As you say, there is no danger of any of the crowd bothering us by getting in backstage except at the beginning of the performance, and then that

bunch will try to see the President around front. The people are wild about him and well they may be.

MISS FOWLER. Yes; I'm glad to give way to him tonight. The people are coming to see him and perhaps he will speak to them.

BOOTH. But the play is you, Miss Fowler.

MISS FOWLER. The country is his, Mr. Booth, the whole country now. Thank you for your offer to watch at the stage-door. I hope it will not interfere too much with your seeing the later scenes of the play.

BOOTH. I hope not. (*MISS FOWLER has already started to exit, right. MR. STETSON thinks of something he wishes to tell her and follows her. BOOTH walks to the President's box and is examining it when he suddenly starts back as if surprised by someone. He bursts madly into Hamlet's speech.*)

"Angels and ministers of grace, defend us.

Art thou a spirit of health or goblin damned?

Bring'st with thee airs from heaven or blasts
from hell?

O, answer me!"

(*Enter RINGER, right.*)

RINGER. I'll answer you, Mr. Booth.

BOOTH. Hamlet wasn't mad, I tell you—no more than I am. I saw a spirit as strange as he saw. It was a woman, the spirit of a woman, I tell you. Right over there—(*Points to the President's box and approaches it fearfully again. RINGER follows him, mimicking him*)—I felt her breath.

RINGER. Feel my breath. It smells richer than any spirit's breath.

BOOTH. Ach! What did you mean by telling Stetson that I was going to kill Grant, you damned fool?

RINGER. I ain't the meaning kind. I never meant anything in my life.

BOOTH. I guess that's right, but you came mighty near to getting a rope around my neck by what you said.

RINGER. Well, a miss is all right that misses.

BOOTH. Another miss like that, and I'll shoot you and the shot won't miss.

RINGER. Come, be a good feller, Mr. Booth; there's no harm done. I'm with you on anything that gets back at Grant and his bunch, and so is Stetson, but he pretends he ain't. I'll swear—I'll swear I'll help you to the limit. I was for Jeff Davis and Robert E. Lee and the glorious South, and I'm with them still.

BOOTH. Yes, we're with them still and always will be. I'll prove you tonight. So long as Grant won't be here, I'll get someone else. All you have to do is to be back of the scenes at the left rear wing with a loaded revolver. (*Gives back the revolver to RINGER which he has taken away from him earlier in the play.*) Cover me after I've done it and you see me on the stage. I've got it all arranged about the horses at the stage-door when I get past you. Now ring down the curtain. The doors have been opened and the people are coming in. Someone might suspect me if he saw me here.

RINGER. Who are you after?

BOOTH. The biggest traitor against the South.

RINGER. It ain't the——

BOOTH. You fool, hold your tongue. Let down the curtain. (*RINGER starts to exit, right, and they both go out together.*)

(*The curtain is lowered a moment after they have left the stage. MARY LINCOLN enters the Presidential box at the left stage, accompanied by WILLIAM RUTLEDGE and MISS BRUNNER.*)

RUTLEDGE. (*Helping MRS. LINCOLN remove an outer wrap*) I am most grateful to you tonight, Mrs. Lincoln. It is a great honor to Miss Brunner and me.

MARY. You have General Grant to thank, Mr. Rutledge. You know that we were expecting him and Mrs. Grant to be with us until late this afternoon a message came saying it would be impossible on account of losing the train they counted on. So yours was a last moment invitation from Mr. Lincoln.

MISS BRUNNER. Do you suppose any in the audience will think I am Mrs. Grant?

MARY. I cannot answer for that, but I am quite sure that none will mistake Mr. Rutledge for the hero of Appotomax.

RUTLEDGE. I hardly know whether I am to take that as a compliment, Mrs. Lincoln, but thank you. Shall I sit in the front of the box?

MARY. It would be an honor to General Grant to know that his place was so well filled, Mr. Rutledge.

RUTLEDGE. I was not thinking about myself, Mrs. Lincoln. I thought my sitting there might——

MARY. Might what, Mr. Rutledge?

RUTLEDGE. I fear for the President, Mrs. Lincoln. It is not too late for me to take the front seat. He isn't there yet.

MARY. No; and please do not mention your fears to the President tonight. He would not have come at all, but he hated to disappoint the people. I do not like these premonitions he has, for it seems to me a weakness in a man, but he hasn't given in to them tonight. Mr. Lincoln regards you very highly, Mr. Rutledge, so please try to make the evening a pleasant one for him. I wonder why he isn't here this minute. He was with you, Miss Brunner, coming up the stairs.

MISS BRUNNER. He stopped to speak to two men

just outside the box and asked me to excuse him, Mrs. Lincoln. I thought you heard him.

MARY. No; but it's been just like that the last four years and now, I suppose, it's going to be just as bad four years more—people will call him aside no matter where he is going to get some appointment or favor and won't give him a chance to breathe and live. I hope his vest is buttoned. I have to look out for all of those things, Miss Brunner.

MISS BRUNNER (*Glancing at RUTLEDGE*) I suppose I may have such responsibilities some day.

RUTLEDGE. Please, Mrs. Lincoln.

MARY. No; be seated here. (*They sit down. MARY in the front of the box with the other front seat unoccupied, MISS BRUNNER and RUTLEDGE in back.*)

(*LINCOLN enters the box.*)

ABE. (*At the door of the box*) Yes, at nine o'clock tomorrow morning, Mr. Ashmun. (*NICOLAI enters box.*) John, please put down an appointment with Mr. Ashmun at nine o'clock tomorrow morning.

NICOLAI. Yes, Mr. President.

(*MISS BRUNNER and RUTLEDGE have arisen to greet LINCOLN.*)

ABE. (*To MISS BRUNNER*) Miss Brunner, my thanks to you for coming at so late an hour, and Rutledge, I want to thank you. It is very kind of the young folks, don't you think so, Mrs. Lincoln?

MARY. Yes.

RUTLEDGE. Thank you, President Lincoln.

(*LINCOLN comes to the vacant seat in the front of the box. The orchestra leader signals to the or-*

chestra and the orchestra bursts forth with the strains of "Hail to the Chief!")

LINCOLN. (*A spot light on him is the only light used during his speech*) "Friends and fellow-citizens of these United States of America, tonight a new joy comes to me as I repeat the words these United States, for they have once again their true meaning in the light of the peace which has come to-day in answer to a million earnest prayers.

"Four years ago, all were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it—all sought to avert it. Yet while the inaugural address was being delivered, devoted altogether to the saving of the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; the other would accept war rather than let the nation perish. And the war came.

"One-eighth of the whole population were colored, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the Southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it attained. Neither expected that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and prayed to the same God. The prayers of both could not be an-

swered, the prayers of neither have been fully answered, but it suffices that at last both have joined hands in peace. Let us then thankfully accept this peace and abide by the words spoken three thousand years ago, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are now facing; to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphan—to do all that may achieve a just, a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

(As LINCOLN sits down the orchestra plays a patriotic air, at the conclusion of which the stage curtain goes up and we are presented with a play called "The Intrusive Cousin.")

MR. TRUMBULL. Then you claim a lady.

SIR RONALD. I have a lady——

TRUMBULL. But you have her not.

SIR RONALD. I hold——

TRUMBULL. If you hold your tongue, 'tis well.

SIR RONALD. Vulgar unknown! Unheard-of pretender, how come you here?

TRUMBULL. Vulgar? I suppose you know that vulgar means "commone." I willingly allow "vulgar." "Unheard-of" may mean extraordinary with a little stretching—I would not deny it utterly.

SIR RONALD. Here is my answer, want-wit.
(Throws his glove at TRUMBULL's cheek.)

TRUMBULL. Didn't hurt, but I'll tell my cousin. I'm your lady's cousin. *(Exit TRUMBULL, right.)*

SIR RONALD. *(Adjusting his necktie)* Her cousin! Impossible! I would not believe it. And yet—it cannot be, for he is coarse, brutish, low, slav-

ish—and she! Ah! She! She is fair, lovely, rich, royal.

(*Enter MISS FOWLER as MISS ANGELA FRETTL.*)

ANGELA. Have you seen my cousin, Sir Ronald?

SIR RONALD. Your cousin, madame, a man! That man!

ANGELA. Yes, Sir Ronald, a man, a man cousin. He's timid and shy, but a hero at heart.

(*BOOTH shoots LINCOLN during this speech. BOOTH is not seen till he jumps to the stage or runs across the stage. RINGER steps out from left wing to aid BOOTH.*)

BOOTH. (*Coming between ANGELA and SIR RONALD, limping. To ANGELA*) Just a bit on my own account. Go on with the play.

ANGELA. (*To BOOTH*) Yes, but——

BOOTH. (*Fiercely*) Go on. I know what I'm doing. The Booths are great actors. (*Hobbling over to right exit covered by RINGER.*) I did it.

RINGER. The president?

BOOTH. I shot him. My leg is broken. Cover me. (*Pushes RINGER down as he goes past him.*)

(*STETSON enters, right.*)

STETSON. Pull down the curtain.

VOICE OF BOOTH. Sic semper Tyrannis.

MISS FOWLER. Is this a part of the play, too? Another bit like Booth's?

STETSON. Then it is Booth. Then Booth——

MISS FOWLER. What about Booth?

STETSON. He has killed President Lincoln.

(*Curtain is lowered. The curtains of LINCOLN's box are closed, but a light appears on them which*

comes slowly to the stage where the SPIRIT OF ANN RUTLEDGE appears in front of the curtain.)

VOICE OF LINCOLN. They've all gone, Ann. There's noone in the theatre, noone but you and me. What happened, Ann? There was a noise, a terrible noise and confusion. Is there war again?

ANN. No; there will never be another civil war in America again.

ABE. But, Ann, what was the noise? I hear it still. Were you here?

ANN. I was here, Abraham.

ABE. Ann, you remember what you promised—never to leave me forever?

ANN. And was my promise kept?

ABE. Yes, Ann, and it will be kept. You were with me in Salem; you were with me in Springfield; you were with me in the White House when I came there; you were there, and through the war, through the awful war.

ANN. Yes, I was with you, but I did not do your work. It was God—everything good is God.

ABE. And shall I finish my work? Can I bind this broken nation?

ANN. This nation is not broken, Abraham. It has been healed once again, and you shall guide it, for your spirit can never die.

ABE. Ann, we are not in the theatre. We are living. Where are we?

ANN. Is it not enough that we are living? I know of a truth that I live. We are living now wherever God wills, and His will is heaven. Be patient, Abraham; you will learn if you are patient.

ABE. Yes, Ann, I will be patient; but, Ann, why are you so young and fair and shining and clothed as if in living flame from off God's altar? Am I at last become a living spirit?

ANN. Yes, a living spirit, Abraham, for all who have lived in the spirit are living spirits and shall live forever and forever. (*ANN steps within the curtain and is followed by LINCOLN. Lights off on the stage.*)

CURTAIN

ARE YOU A MASON?

Farce in 3 acts. By Leo Ditrichstein. 7 males, 7 females. Modern costumes. Plays 2¼ hours. 1 interior.

"Are You a Mason?" is one of those delightful farces like "Charley's Aunt" that are always fresh. "A mother and a daughter," says the critic of the New York *Herald*, "had husbands who account for absences from the joint household on frequent evenings, falsely pretending to be Masons. The men do not know each other's duplicity, and each tells his wife of having advanced to leadership in his lodge. The older woman was so well pleased with her husband's supposed distinction in the order that she made him promise to put up the name of a visiting friend for membership. Further perplexity over the principal liar arose when a suitor for his second daughter's hand proved to be a real Mason. . . . To tell the story of the play would require volumes, its complications are so numerous. It is a house of cards. One card wrongly placed and the whole thing would collapse. But it stands, an example of remarkable ingenuity. You wonder at the end of the first act how the fun can be kept up on such a slender foundation. But it continues and grows to the last curtain." One of the most hilariously amusing farces ever written, especially suited to schools and Masonic Lodges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

KEMPY

A delightful comedy in 3 acts. By J. C. Nugent and Elliott Nugent. 4 males, 4 females. 1 interior throughout. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

No wonder "Kempy" has been such a tremendous hit in New York, Chicago—wherever it has played. It snaps with wit and humor of the most delightful kind. It's electric. It's small-town folk perfectly pictured. Full of types of varied sorts, each one done to a turn and served with zestful sauce. An ideal entertainment for amusement purposes. The story is about a highfalutin' daughter who in a fit of pique marries the young plumber-architect, who comes to fix the water pipes, just because he "understands" her. Having read her book and having sworn to marry the authoress. But in that story lies all the humor that kept the audience laughing every second of every act. Of course there are lots of ramifications, each of which bears its own brand of laughter-making potentials. But the plot and the story are not the main things. There is, for instance, the work of the company. The fun growing out of this family mixup is lively and clean. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City

Our New Catalogue Will Be Sent on Receipt of Five Cents.

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH

Dramatization in 3 acts, by Anne Crawford Flexner from the novel by Alice Hegan Rice. 15 males, 11 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Costumes modern and rustic. Plays a full evening.

A capital dramatization of the ever-beloved Mrs. Wiggs and her friends, people who have entered the hearts and minds of a nation. Mrs. Schultz and Lovey Mary, the pessimistic Miss Hazy and the others need no new introduction. Here is characterization, humor, pathos, and what is best and most appealing in modern American life. The amateur acting rights are reserved for the present in all cities and towns where there are stock companies. Royalty will be quoted on application for those cities and towns where it may be presented by amateurs.

Price, 75 Cents.

THE FOUR-FLUSHER

Comedy in 3 acts. By Cæsar Dunn. 8 males, 5 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

A comedy of hustling American youth, "The Four-Flusher" is one of those clean and bright plays which reveal the most appealing characteristics of our native types. Here is an amusing story of a young shoe clerk who through cleverness, personality, and plenty of wholesome faith in himself, becomes a millionaire. The play is best described as "breezy." It is full of human touches, and develops a most interesting story. It may be whole-heartedly recommended to high schools. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

PALS FIRST

Comedy in a prologue and 3 acts. By Lee Wilson Dodd. 8 males, 3 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Modern costumes. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

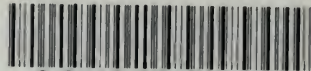
Based on the successful novel of the same name by F. P. Elliott, "Pals First" is a decidedly picturesque mystery play. Danny and the Dominie, a pair of tramps, enter a mansion and persuade the servants and friends that they belong there. They are not altogether wrong, though it requires the intervention of a judge, two detectives, a villain and an attractive girl to untangle the complications. A most ingenious play, well adapted to performance by high schools and colleges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
Our New Catalogue Will Be Sent on Receipt of Five Cents.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA

973.7L63H3G14S C001
SPIRIT OF ANN RUTLEDGE NY



3 0112 031824862